

THE TRAGEDIE OF Anthonie, and Cleopatra.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Demetrius and Philo.

Philo.

Nay, but this dotage of our Generals
Ore-flows the measure: those his goodly eyes
That ore the Files and Musters of the Warre,
Have glow'd like plated Mars:

Now bend, now turne
The Office and Devotion of their view
Vpon a Tawny Front. His Captaines heart,
Which in the scuffles of great Fights hath burst
The Buckles on his breast, reneages all temper,
And is become the Bellows and the Fan
To coole a Gypfies Lust.

Flourish. Enter Anthonie, Cleopatra, her Ladies, the
Train, with Eunuchs fanning her.

Looke where they come:
Take but good note, and you shall see in him
(The triple Pillar of the world) transform'd
Into a Strumpets Foole. Behold and see.

Cleo. If it be Loue indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the loue that can be reckon'd

Cleo. He set a bourn how farr to be belov'd.
Ant. Then must thou needs finde out new Heauen,
new Earth.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Newes (my good Lord) from Rome.

Ant. Grates me, the summe.

Cleo. Nay heare them Anthonie.

Fulvia perchance is angry: Or who knows,
If the scarse-bearded Caesar haue not sent
His powrefull Mandate to you. Do this, or this;
Take in that Kingdome, and Infranchise that:
Perform't, or else we damne thee.

Ant. How, my Loue?

Cleo. Perchance? Nay, and most like:
You must not stay heere longer, your dismission
Is come from Caesar, therefore heare it. Anthonie,
Where's Fulvia's Procelle? (Caesars I would say) both?
Call in the Messengers: As I am Egypts Queene,
Thou bluest Anthonie, and that blood of thine
Is Caesars homager: else so thy cheeke payes shame,
When thrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The Messengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide Arch
Of the raign'd Empire fall: Heere is my space,
Kingdomes are clay: Our dungie earth alike

Feeds Beast as Man; the Noblenesse of life
Is to do thus: when such a mutuall paire,
And such a twaine can doo't, in which I binde
One paine of punishment, the world to weete
We stand vp Peerelesse.

Cleo. Excellent fallshood:

Why did he marry Fulvia, and not loue her?

Hee leeme the Foole I am not. Anthonie will be himselfe.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.

Now for the loue of Loue, and her soft houres,
Let's not confound the time with Conference harsh;
There's not a minuce of our lines should stretch
Without some pleasure now. What sport to night?

Cleo. Heare the Ambassadors.

Ant. Fye wrangling Queene:

Whom euery thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weepe: who euery passion fully stries
To make it selfe (in Thee) faire, and admir'd,
No Messenger but thine, and all alone, to night
Wee'l wander through the streets, and note
The qualities of people. Come my Queene,
Last night you did desire it. Speake not to vs.

Exeunt with the Train.

Dem. Is Caesar with Anthonie priz'd so slight?

Philo. Sir sometimes when he is not Anthonie,
He comes too short of that great Property
Which still should go with Anthonie.

Dem. I am full sorry, that hee approues the common
Liar, who thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
of better deeds to morrow. Rest you happy. Exeunt

Enter Enobarbus, Lamprius, a Southsayer, Raminus, Lucillius,
Charman, Iras, Maridius the Eunuch,
and Alexas.

Char. L. Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any thing Alexas,
almost most absolute Alexas, where's the Soothsayer
that you prais'd so to th' Queene? Oh that I knewe this
Husband, which you say, must change his Hornes with
Garlands.

Alex. Soothsayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the Man? Is't you sir that know things?

Sooth. In Natures infinite booke of Secrecie, a little I
can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand,

Enob. Bring in the Banket quickly: Wine enough,

Cleopa

Anthony and Cleopatra

Cleopatra's health to drinke.

Char. Good sir, giue me good Fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee.

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet farre fairer then you are.

Char. He meanes in flesh.

Ir. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid.

Alex. Vex not his prescience, be attentue.

Char. Hush.

Sooth. You shall be more belouing, then beloued.

Char. I had rather heate my Liuer with drinking.

Alex. Nay, heare him.

Char. Good now some excellent Fortune: Let mee
be married to three Kings in a forenoone, and Widdow
them all: Let me haue a Childe at fifty, to whom Herode
of Iewry may do Homage. Finde me to marrie me with
Octauianus Caesar, and companion me with my Mistris.

Sooth. You shall out-lie the Lady whom you serue.

Char. Oh excellent, I loue long life better then Figs.

Sooth. You haue seene and proued a fairer former for-

ture, then that which is to approach.

Char. Then belike my Children shall haue no names:

Prythee how many Boyes and Wenches must I haue.

Sooth. If euery of your wishes had a wombe, & fore-

tell euery wish, a Million.

Char. Out Foole, I forgieue thee for a Witch.

Alex. You thinke none but your sheets are priue to

your wishes.

Char. Nay come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. Wee'l know all our Fortunes.

Enob. Mine, and most of our Fortunes to night, shall

be drunke to bed.

Ir. There's a Palme presages Chastity, if nothing els.

Char. Ene as the o're-flowing Nylus presageth Fa-

mine.

Ir. Go you wilde Bedfellow, you cannot Soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oyle Palme bee not a fruitfull Prog-

noftication, I cannot scratch mine care. Prythee tel her

but a worky day Fortune.

Sooth. Your Fortunes are alike.

Ir. But how, but how, giue me particulars.

Sooth. I haue said.

Ir. Am I not an inch of Fortune better then she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better

then I: where would you choose it.

Ir. Not in my Husbands nose.

Char. Our worser thoughts Heauens mend.

Alexas. Come, his Fortune, his Fortune. Oh let him

marry a woman that cannot go, sweet Iras, I beseech thee,

and let her dye too, and giue him a worse, and let worse

follow worse, till the worst of all follow him laughing to

his graue, fifty-fold a Cuckold. Good Iras heare me this

Prayer, though thou denie me a matter of more waight:

good Iras I beseech thee.

Ir. Amen, deere Goddesse, heare that prayer of the

people. For, as it is a heart-breaking to see a handsome

man loose, Wiu'd, so it is a deadly sorrow, to beholde a

foule Knaue vncuckolded: Therefore deere Iras keep de-

corum, and Fortune him accordingly.

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo now, if it lay in their hands to make mee a

Cuckold, they would make themselves Whores, but

they'd doo't.

Enter Cleopatra.

Enob. Hush, heere comes Anthonie.

Char. N

Cleo. Sa

Enob. N

Cleo. W

Char. N

Cleo. He

A Roman

Enobarbus

Enob. M

Cleo. Seek

Alex. H

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